AROUND THE WORLD WITH ATHE AMERICAN RED CROSS.

Recreation in Hospitals.

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"I would ask an opportunity denied me-to stand once more in honor among men. I would not be ashamed before Dorothy Fairfax."

"Nor need you be," she exclaimed impetuously, her hands pressing mine, "You wrong yourself, even as you have been wronged. You have already done that which shall win you freedom, if it be properly presented to those in power. I mean that it shall be, once I am safely back in Virginia. Tell me, what are your plans with-with this schooner?"

"To beach it somewhere along shore, and leave it there a wreck, while we escape. The men insist on it with good reason. They have been pirates, and might be hung if caught."

"And yet to my mind," she insisted earnestly, "that choice is most dangerous. I am a girl, but if I commanded here, do you know what I would do? I would sail this vessel straight to the Chesapeake and surrender it to the authorities. The men have nothing to fear with me aboard and ready to testify in their behalf. The governor will accept my word without a question. These men are not pirates, but honest seamen compelled to serve in order to save their lives; they mutinted and captured the bark, but were later overcome, and compelled to take the boats. The same plea can be made for you, Geoffry, only you'were there in an effort to save me. It is a service which ought to win you freedom. If the governor fall me, I will bear my story to the feet of the king. I am a Fairfax, and we have friends in England, strong, powerful friends."

"I am convinced." I admitted, after a pause, "that this course is the wiser

There is an argument which will overcome their fear. I mean capidity. Each sailor aboard has an interest in the salvage of this vessel under the English law. Also there must be gold aboard-perhaps treasure also. Let the crew dream that dream and you will need no whip to drive them into an English port."

"Full pardon, and possibly wealth with it," I laughed, "A beautiful scheme, Dorothy, yet it might work. Still, if I know sallermen, they would doubt the truth, if it came direct from me, for I am not really one of them."

"But Watkins is. Explain it all to him; tell him who I am, the influence I can wield in the colony, and then let him whisper the news to the others. Will you not do this-for my sake?"

"Yes," I answered; "I believe you have found the right course. If you will promise to lie down and sleep I will talk with Watkins now, I may catch some eatnaps before morning, but most of the time shall be prowling about deck. Good night, dear girl." She extended her arms, and drew me

down until our lips met. "You are actually afraid of me still,"

she said. "Why should you be?" "Somehow, Dorothy, you have always seemed so far away from me I have never been able to forget. But

now the touch of your lips has-" "Broken down the last barrier?"

"Yes, forever." "Are you sure? Would you not feel still less doubt if you kissed me

again?" I held her closely, gazing down into the dimiy revealed outline of her face,

and this time felt myself the master. I left her there and groped my own way forward. I found Watkins awake. He listened gravely to what I had to say, with little comment, and was evidently weighing every argument in his mind.

"I've bin in Virginia and Maryland, sir," he said at last seriously, "and if the young woman is a Fairfax, she'll likely have influence enough ter do just what she says. I'll talk it over with the lads. If they was only sure thar was treasure aboard I guess most of 'em would face hell ter git their hands on a share of it."

"Then why not search and see?"

He shook his head obstinately. in no cholera ship, londed with dead

men-not if I never git rich." "Then I will," and I got to my feet er it will be either in the cabin or grasp of those hairy a ms; yet the lazaret, And, whether there is o" not, very vise in which I was held yielded



one, but fear the opposition of the my man, the Santa Marie turns north men. They will never go willingly." tomorrow if I have to fight every sea wolf on board single-handed.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

A Struggle in the Dark.

He came back with the lantern in his hand, a mere tin box containing a candle, the dim flame visible through numerous punctures. Neither of us spoke until my hand was on the companion door ready to slide it open.

"I'll not be long below," I said soberly. "Better go forward and see that your lookout men are awake, and then come back here."

The port stateroom I had not previously entered because of a locked door. I determined on breaking in here. There was no key in the lock, and the stout door resisted by efforts. Placing the lantern on the deck I succeeded finally in inserting the blade of a hatchet so as to gain a purchase sufficient to release the latch. As the door yielded a sharp cry assailed me from within. It came forth so suddealy and with so wild an accent I stepped blindly backward in fright, my feot overturning the lantern, which, with a single flicker of the candle, went out. In that last gleam I saw a dim, grotesque outline fronting me. Then, in the darkness, gleamed two green, menacing eyes, growing steadily larger, nearer, as I stared at them in horror, Was it man or beast? Devil from hell, or some crazed human against whom I must battle for life? The green eyes glared into my face. I lifted my hand toward him, and touched-hair! My antagonist was a giant African ape.

Even as the big ape's grip caught me, ripping through jacket sleeve to the flesh, I realized my great peril, but was no longer paralyzed with fear, helpless before the unknown. I drove my hatchet straight between those two gleaming eyes. The brute staggered back, dragging me with him. His humanlike cry of pain ended in a snarl, but, brief as the respite proved. it gave me grip on his under jaw and an opportunity to drive my weapon twice more against the hairy face. The pain served only to madden the beast, and before I could wrench free he had me clutched in an fron grip, my jacket torn into shreds. His jaws snapped at my face, but I had such purchase as to prevent their touching me, and "Not me, sir! I don't prowl around mindless of the claws tearing at my flesh I forced the animal's head back until the neck cracked and the fips gave vent to a wild scream of agony. in sudden determination. "You keep, I dared not let go; dared not relax for the deck while I go below. Light the an instant the exercise of every ounce lantern and bring it here. If there of strength, I felt as though the life is any specie hidden aboard this hook- was being squeezed out of me by the

shows in operation a moving picture projecting nuclaine, developed by a Red dare not think or speculate—my only Cross recreational director, which throws the pictures on the wall so that the men do not have to stir from their cols,

through trained men and women, introducing a multitude of recreations suited

The American Red Cross conducts its recreational work in hospitals

me leverage. The hatchet dropped to the deck and both my hands found lodgment under the jaw, the muscles of my arms strained to the utmost, as

I forced back that horrid head, Little by little it gave way, the suffering brute whining in agony, until, the pain becoming unendurable, the clinging arms suddenly released their hold 'etting me drop heavily to the deck.

By some good fortune I fell upon the discarded hatchet, and stumbled



I Dared Not Let Go.

to my feet once more, gripping the weapon again in my fingers. I sprang straight toward him, sending the sharp blade of the batchet crashing against the skull. The aim was good, the stroke a death blow, yet the monster got me with one paw, and we fell t the deck together, he savagely clawing me in his death agony. Then the hairy figure quivered and lay motionless. I released the stiffening grip.

rising to my knees, only to imhediately pitch forward unconscious,

When I came back once more to 'ife I was upon the schooner's deck breathing the fresh night nir, Dorothy and Watkins bending over me.

### CHAPTER XXX.

Opening of the Treasure Chest.

The dawn came slowly, and with but little increase of light. The breeze had almost entirely died away, leaving the canvas nioft motionless, the schooner barely moving through a slightly heaving sea, in the midst of a dull-gray mist, When Watkins emerged from the mist I proposed to him that we go below and continue the search for gold He was not anxious to go and Dorothy persuaded me to let her go with me. In the room where the ape had been hidden we found a big chest and I set to work to open it.

lieved, the staple of the tock clinging mail without saying a word, and quietto the hard teak wood of which the ly sat on one of the stiff-backed chairs. chest was made. The lid was heavy. She had just returned from the post but as I finally forced it backward a office, hinge supped and permitted it to There was silence for a moment as drop crashing to the deck. For an in- Miss Leonora read the first of the letstant I could see nothing within.

please. No, higher than that. What New England towns. in God's name? Why, it is the corpse of a woman!"

caught the lantern as it fell from her hand. At first I doubted the evidence of my own eyes, snatching the bit of flaring candle from its tin socket and light fell across the grewsome object, clare, , . Just thick of him goin' Ay, it was a woman, with lower limbs doubled buck from lack of space, but otherwise lying as though she slept, so perfect in preservation her cheeks appeared flushed with health, her Hps. half smiling. It was a face of real beauty-an English face, aithough her eyes and bair were dark and ber mantilla and long earrings were unquestionably Spanish. A string of pearls encircled her throat, and there were numerous rings upon her fingers. The very centrast added immeasurably to

the horror. "She is alive! Surely she is alive!"

# AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE AMERICAN RED CROSS. Home Service.



One of the finest constructive activities of the American Red Cross in the war was Home Service in the United States, the friendly connecting link between the soldier far from home and his loved ones. This branch of the work which under the peace program of the Red Cross will be expanded to benefit all who need the assistance it can provide, is directed by scientifically trained social workers. Since lastituted Home Service has assisted \$00,000 soldiers' and saffors' families. This photograph shows one of the innumerable Home Service information bureaus where service men and their families could bring their problems for solution,

The words were sabled into my enry from Dorothy's tips.

"Alive! No, that is impossible!" I touched the foure with my hund, "The firsh is like stone," I said, "thus held lifelike by some manic of the ladies What can'll all mean's Who could the woman be? It is love or hate?"

"Not love, Geoffry, Love would never do this thing, it is hate, the glouding of revenue; there can be no other enswer-this is the end of a tracedy."

There was nothing, not a scrap of paper, not even the semblance of a wound exposed. The scalle on those parted lips had become one of muckery : I could bear the eight no longer, and rose to my feet, closping Decotly elese to me, as she still mired down in fascination at the glassily wight.

"We will never know. The man who could tell is dead."

"Captain Paradilla?"

"Who else could it be? This was his schooner, and here he glone could hide such a secret. There is nothing more we can been, and the horror unnerves me. Held the light, dear, white I replace the lift of the chest."

It required my utuant effort to recomplish this. I was glad to have the thing hidden, to escape the stare of those fixed eyes, the death smile of those red lips. It was no longer a to the handleaps of the men. The accompanying view of a hospital ward reality but a dream of delirium; I desire being to get away, to get Dorothy away. In absolute terror I drew her with me to the open door-then stopped, paralyzed; the bull revealed figure of a man appeared on the cabin stnirs.

"Stop! Who are you?"

"Watkins, sic. I came below to call you. There's sumthin' bi-cmin' odd takin' place out there in the fog, Captain Carlyle. We want yer on deck, sir, right away."

(To Be Continued)

## **@66066**533555555555555555555555555 FOR THE FUND

By ALICE ROBERTS.

@#\$ Syndicate.)

Helon's checks were very rosy and she looked very happy as also came up the steps of the little versuels. She It proved harder than I had be- gave her aunt the small presame of

ters in her methodical way. Then she "Lift up the lantern, Dorothy, sniffed a little printly, as they do in

"Land sakes," she said, "here's a letter from that young Adams felier from I heard her cry out, and harely Boston who used to spend his vacustions with the Bakers before they moved away, an' he wants to know if I could give him room an' board for two weeks. . . . He's goin' to have an' imaginin' that I was goin' to take in any boarders. He ought to know better'n that?"

> Her niece smiled a little and for some reason she put her hand confidentiy in her pocket. She seemed not n bir surprised, but on the contrary, rather bored.

"Why, the idea. He enght to know that you were not of the kind that would take in boarders." She stopped. "But, nunt," she went on, as though a thought had suddenly come to her, "if you were to let him come here, the money he would pay you would be such a help to the Rod Cross fund. You could donate it, you know,"

That was prim Miss Leonoro's vital spot. She was always alert to do her bit for the cause. This seemed an easy way to earn something for the fund. She thought for a moment.

"Well, that's so. I think I'll tell him that he can come. But now if he comes, Helen, you must be very careful how you act and what you say. You know how the neighbors will talk-how they talked last summer when you an' bim went for a walk. Lnn' sakes, we don't want any of the Knittin' club talkin' about us behind our backs."

"Very well, aunt," and straightway she inpsed into sitence.

Time passes slowly in those little sleepy towns among the mountains. The Monday came at last, however, when "the Adams feller" was to arrive. Miss Leonera was surprised, and the Knitting club, in session that afternoon, was astounded, when he drove up to the homely little cottage In the glery of a great, sleek, powerful rondster.

"Hullon, in there," was the cheery greeting which brought Miss Leonora -and soon after Helen-to the door, "Awfully good of you folks to let me

Prim Miss Leonora received him in her prim way. Helen's welcome was, if anything, even more prim than that of her nunt. But Miss Leonora was soon in reptures over the beauty of the car. She did not see the twinkle newly come in Helen's eyes, nor the bloom which had come on Helen's

# THIRD RED CROSS ROLL CALL

Nevenher 2 to 11, 1919

Time to Re-Join

"My goodsest, what a lovely auto-

ambito," who sality. The "Alone fellor" suffed of her.

"Short dot me throw this bar out of the wary, Miss Levisiers, and let me into you for a little spin. You'll see that it rues last as places it isolact that it, of course, if you'd like me

Miss Leonora had already gone in for her newest but, "Now, you see," he went on, "the

car only holds two, that we can't take Hel-er-your niece, along with us, I'll take her for a little ride when we come back-er it'l may."

"Land, yes. If will do her good." The Wayfield Knitting club cose in a body, against, as they saw Miss Lass nora driving through the town in the "Adams feller's" car. Hut when, not long after, they saw the same car dark past, ever so much faster, with Helen sitting by the side of the "Adams fel-ier," they laid down their work for the afternoon and gave themselves up to speculation on the meaning of the

"What a brantiful day it is," a disauro imilden was saying, when with he fown several ratios in the bughfround the ear slowed down so as to nake conversation possible.

"Is that all you have to say to me, (elen?" impartiently, "Dislot you get by felter?"

"Why, yes," quietly answered the deours little maiden. She seemed quite ndifferent.

"Holen, gan'ye lept me walting a shole year, And this afternoon has oven insufferable. Think, a whole year cliffout seeing you. You don't realse how I wanted you. You can't. Oh, He len, ding, I want you so much?"

"And you finish that we've known

"ib. I caused get along without you.

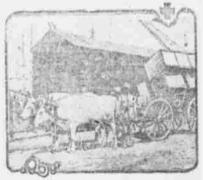
"Well, then, I don't see but that ou'll have to take me, Frank."

The sun was setting as they drave nels very closely to the little fown, The Knitting club was waiting weartly to upo if they were to return at all, Many were their slubs and exclaims tions when the rendster passed by. A few minutes later the "Adams feller" was explaining to Miss Leonora somes thing about the engine stemping in the woods and about the length of ime it took before he could start it

Wonderful Automatic Clock.

The dubs of the world's hurnest pads estal when, revered in the comfor of the new \$10,000,000 wholesule ferminal at Les Augeles, can be seen from any part of the 20 acres covered by the market prace. The clock which Is 35 feet high, nuromatically operates its own lighting system, turns it on ht suralown and shorts it off at doylight. and whole and sets itself.





Soon after the currence of the United States in the war the successes of the Central Powers in Roumania had reduced that country to a most tragic restition and in the shomet of 1917, the American Red Cross despatched its first Romanian relief contingent. Two hospitals were at once taken over and operated by the Red Cross, a canteen for the starving refugees established and food and clothing distributed over a large area.

Transportation was one of the toughest problems with which the Red Cross workers in Roumania had to deal. Here is seen an exent used by the Red Cross to carry its relied supplies up into the mountains.